Far Japan.

ISOLA has had such a happy birthday. She is seven years old to-day, and she has had a garden party for all her little friends, for she is a June bird, and as it is the longest day of the year, it has been a longer birthday than the little Winter children get. At least this is what Isola thinks, and she has danced about and laughed and chattered till she is *so* tired. And now her dear old nursie has put her to bed, and she is lying there gazing through the dusk into all that has happened to her on this great day in the year.

Isola has no brothers and sisters. She is an only child, and, like all children who are alone, she gets more presents than the children get who have brothers and sisters. But don't let anyone think that toys and sweets are better than the brothers and sisters who play with you and get into scrapes with you, and are loved with you, and punished with you and know everything that you do and think all through your life.

Isola has had two things given her to-day that have come all the way from that beautiful land of flowers, Japan. And she is thinking of the wonderful doll with its almond-shaped eyes and straight black hair, dressed just like the real Japanese children in soft stuffs and gay colours. She has been told that its name is Ai, and she has taken it to bed to hug as a great treat. And then she has also been given a Japanese fan with a garden painted on it—such quaint trees with a river running through them, and over the river an arched rustic bridge. How delightful to be a little Japanese girl and to see Japan.

Isola has cousins living in Japan, so you see she knows a little about it.

And now she begins to feel drowsy. "Why shouldn't I put on Ai's clothes? Then I should feel just like a little Japanese girl in Japan."

So she slipped out of bed and undressed the doll and put on her clothes one by one. At first it felt strange, but when she was quite dressed she saw that she was in her own garden, picking roses off her own special rose tree, just as she had done that very morning to adorn her birthday cake. The sun was so hot, but then with her Japanese dress she had a Japanese umbrella, so she did not mind that. But suddenly she remembered that what she really wanted was to see Japan, and not only to be dressed up as a little Japanese girl. Perhaps I shall find a way into Japan through the garden, she thinks, and sure enough, after walking a few

A Japanese Maiden.

steps farther on, she peeps through the branches of a big tree, and there she sees the same garden that she had seen on her fan, with the strange dwarf trees and the little rivulets with the tiny islands in the middle of them, and those pretty bridges.

Now Isola is really a little Japanese girl, and she wanders about with her umbrella and her basket of roses quite happily.

"Perhaps if I go over one of the bridges I shall find some Japanese children to play with, and then I can show them my English roses."

So Isola went across the bridge, but when she got to the end, there was nothing there, for she had got to the end of the fan! So down she fell with a bump, and woke to find herself safe in bed with Ai in her arms.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde.

Hoop Song.

NOW for the hoops and sticks!
Mark what I say—
One, two, three, four, five, six—
off, and away!
Swiftly we bowl along
down the green lane,
Right round the winning post—
once and again!
Well done, brave hoops and sticks!
stand in a row—
One, two, three, four, five, six—
off we all go!
Faster we bowl along,
faster we run
Down the white running road—
glorious fun!
Bowl away—bowl away—
up the green lane,
Right round the starting post—
Once and again!

Helen Marion Burnside.